

Traveller Who is Resolved Not

Talk about experiences that far

day in a night," said a gentleman with curling locks were as black as the traditional ravens' wing. "I had occasion, according to authorities, on the matter, to not only gray, but to turn black, if the traditions are right. I believe they are."

It was in Kurdistan that my experience. I was travelling through the mountains for the sake of the snow, and I was accompanied by a French servant, consisting of a personality, all the excellent and a rascal, and a Persian guide, whom I had engaged for the day and two horses and an ass, a white and on which he carried the necessary to the mine. We had to pass territory for four days, and through several villages, and I was going to think the Kurds were

[illegible]

one of the number was Andrew
Blaine, a native of the
state, who was a
guide, who lay as he had fallen
across his pistol. Jean
crisp of two more of the party
sawed that he couldn't speak.
At first they attended a dis-
tinctly to the death of both of us
and they were very dis-
appointed. They saw that
everything was dead except one
is tightly, and departed. The
entirely cleaned out as far as our
concerned—permanently. re-
come, even Jean's cooking
gone. In agony I lay till day
then, hearing some one passed
at the top of my voice. A
and, and he was not of the visiting

of Kurdish and poor Mafti, who finally made him understand that I was released, that he only grinded his head. Then, remembering the chief, I repeated it several times. Finally shuffled off, leaving me in suspense as to whether or not I was going to that percentage or half an hour's wait, however, appeared. He gave some orders and immediately cut loose. When my hands were free I supposed that I was going to be released, but finally by pantomime occurred. He seemed to understand for some one else. The part appeared eventually. He wasn't a Persian, and he spoke a little of him of the outrage, and he told me that he was a Kurd. Then he replied to me that he

could do nothing, as the
have been of another head or
greatly doubted, as I was sure
at least of my assistants
I when we arrived, but that I
not to speak. I implored the
me an escort back to the last
left, and where two Englishmen
retinue were stopping. I know
Englishmen, and promised to
him if he would do so. He
lated to that, and furnished me
and two axes upon my sword
that I would pay the man.
ing if he could get track of our
to visit summary punishment on
o Jean and I finally set out. An
lay, halloo, coatless, penknife
started, arrived at the head
section, where I borrowed some

from my friend, paid the Kurds accompanied by about 100 of Cady in Persian silver, and from a military in borrowed tunic, and the Persian frontier. I after that our friends of the Kurds were notorious robbers and murderers that the chief himself had been wearing my coat and riding my horse, and I never crossed the Kur again, and I don't ever enter travel, but in the future I'm going under the flag of some civilized nation.

His Coming.

BY DR. ISRAEL S. BOWALL.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me;
For in its sweet unfolding

My Saviour's love I see,
They say that at any moment,
The Lord of life may come,
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rattle of His garments,
As he softly draweth near.

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons loved of our Master—
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps he will come in the noon
Of some bright, sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
To find the bright
Into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the still
Of the night and the quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping
'Neath the moonbeams' silver
When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come to me.

The Sabbath Chime.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All!
How can I love Thee as I ought,
And how receive Thee as Thou giv'st
No fading, glorious hope or thought.

Earth! grow flowers beneath His
And thine own light shine 'neath His
He comes! He comes! O Heaven,
Our Jesus comes upon His way.

He comes! He comes! The Lord
Borne on His throne triumphant
We see Thee, and we know Thee

Our hearts leap up; our trembling
crowns faint still; we can no longer
silence! again let us sing—and do
of very love, while we side

LTRA

With Her With his Wooden Legs
The lunatic with wooden legs
says so harmless as they appear
residing in the Impasse Delaunay
ance, has learned to her cost. Her
who, who rejoices in the inappropriate
Seamale and is the promiscuous
er, returned recently to the
orth on his release from a private
Ville Evard, to all appearance
vile satisfactory mental state
ther-in-law got up a violent quar-
terpiece, and thinking that she

...sally a piece of her mind, on his partial disablement, proceeds to pull on his head. The excitement have unstrung Beaumale once again, suddenly wrenching off his wooden hat his mother-in-law a blow on which nearly killed her. The "ragging" had, indeed, driven Beaumale completely mad again, and the men to conduct him to the police station he has been sent once more to the asylum.

